Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00036.28

The Crinoline elevated

London

[18--]

Reel: 36 Title: 28

BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100036.28

Control Number: ADF-3130
OCLC Number : 27667693
Call Number : W PN970.E5 CRINx
Title : Crinoline elevated.
Imprint : London : J.T. Wood, [18--]
Format : [16] p. ; 20 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Running title: New and popular songs.
Note : Running title also appears as: New and favourite songs.
Note : Hand-colored title vignette.
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)
On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA
Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8-30-94
Camera Operator: CR

CRINOLINE SKETCHES.—No 2.

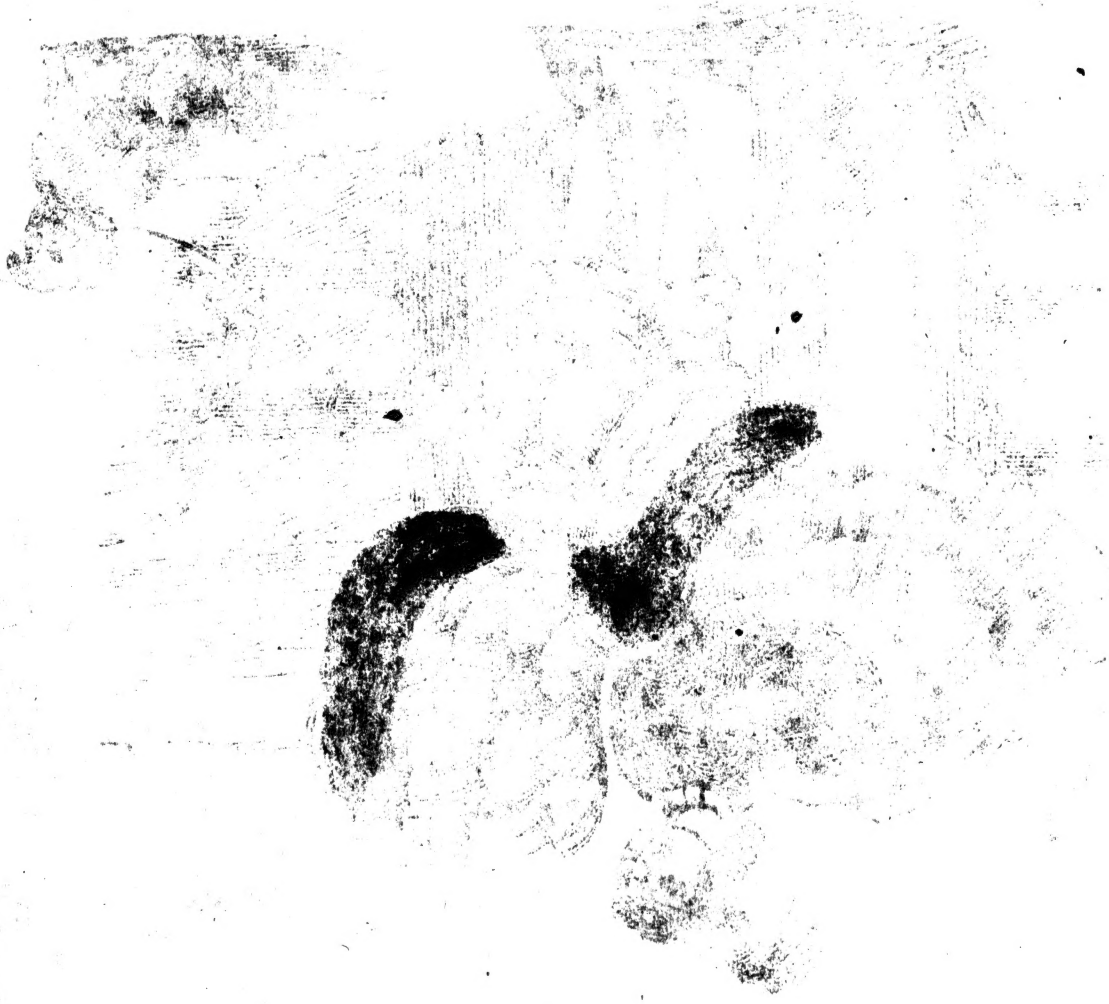
CRINOLINE ELEVATED.

"It is to be done, Tiney; I hope no one is looking; you must bark loud, Ty, if you see a Gentleman coming."

CONTENTS.

Ah! why, lovely rosebud
Advance, Britannia's sons
Boating song.
Cheer for the Pilots.
Down by the dark arches
Donald of Dundee.
Empress of the wave.
Fair shines the moon to-night.
Havelock to his warrior band.
Here, in solitude and silence.
How to ask and have.
I cannot flatter.
I guess you'll be there.
Joe in the copper.
Johnny Sands.
Logie o' Buchan.
Lord Lovel.
My old friend John.
Nothing more.
Old folks at home.
Old familiar faces.
Poor Joe, the Marine.
Poor Sairey Ann.
Poor Adele.
Queen of my soul.
Ratcatcher's daughter.
Return of the Admiral.
Say "Yes," Pussy.
She appear'd clothed in light.
Sweet love, arise,
The Harbour Bar.
The clarion sounding.
Terence's farewell.
The grasp of friendship's hand.
The Mouse Trap.
The shake of the hand.
The sailor boy's dream.
The last rose of summer.
The Emigrant's song.
The Desert.
The world is growing older.
The post captain.
The learned man.
The death of Nelson.
The ploughshare of Old England.
This is the place.
The gipsy girl.
Thou art not here.
Twilight.
Without sunshine you'll find there's no hay.
Willie, we have miss'd you
Yes, 'tis a spell. &c., &c.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. T. WOOD 278, STRAND.



White PN 970. E5 CRINX

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

BOATING SONG.

The sun is high in heaven,
Yet fresh the zephyrs play,
The river gleams before us,
Why sit we still to-day?
Doff coat, cap, pin, and neckcloth,
Doff daintiness and pride,
And launch our boat so shapely
Upon the silver tide.
Singing, ever as so heartily
Our ashen oars we feather,
With a long pull and a strong pull,
And a pull altogether.

Now longer still, and stronger,
Our captain strains his oar;
The sluggards still may wonder,
Who loll upon the shore.
And faster still, and faster,
The bark flies down the river,
A cheer to show our pluck, my boys,
It's now as stout as ever.
Singing, ever &c.

BRIGHT ORB OF DAY ARISE.

Bright orb of day, arise!
Unclose thy gates of gold;
Zephyr, with softest sighs,
The slumb'ring flow'rs unfold;
Haste, ye sweet birds of song,
Rise from your misty beakes,
Your sweetest notes prolong—
She wakes, my lady wakes.

Fair stream and gushing rill,
Burst forth in silv'ry sheen;
Breathe soft, yet softer still,
Æolian harps unseen.
My love, with blushing smiles,
Her golden tresses shake,
And with a thousand wiles,
She wakes, my lady wakes.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on thy stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

No space for us, no space for us,
Within the crowded town,
No want of us, no want of us,
Upon the breezy down;
A score of hands for every plough,
A throng for every loom,
Oh, ask me not, dear wife, to stay,
And struggle with the gloom.
My heart, like yours, still fondly yearns,
To old familiar things,
Yet listen to the bird of hope,
That thus its promise sings—
"Across the sea the skies are blue,
And lands are broad, and men are few."

So from this land of want and wealth,
The parting let us brave,
And say farewell, as hand in hand,
We trust the friendly wave,
And set our faces to the south,
And count our riches o'er,
Made up of youth, and love, and health,
Ah! more than miser's store.
These ingots we will coin at will,
To stern material gain,
For there is bread, if we but work,
Beyond the heaving main.
Where summer skies are softly blue,
And lands are broad, and men are few.

We'll build a home, and rear a babe,
And gather friends around,
Who speak our rich old English tongue,
And dearly love its sound;
And to each other we shall warm,
And render help and cheer,
And never look with stony eyes,
As do so many here,
Till we shall grow to love the land,
Where each dear blessing springs—
So let us speed where skies are blue,
And lands are broad, and men are few.

I KNOW THOU DOST LOVE ME.

I know thou dost love me,
Ay, frown as thou will,
And curl thy beautiful lip,
Which I never can gaze on
Without the guilt
Of burning its dew to sip;
I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
And, like flow'rs that o'er a brook incline,
They towards each other dip.

Tho' thou lookest so cold,
In the halls of light,
'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
I will steal like a thief
In thy heart at night,
And pilfer its thoughts away;
I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
And thy soul shall in secret own the pow'r
It dares to mock by day.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

SUNG BY MR WOODMAN.

They wiled me from my greenwood-home, they won me from the tent,
And slightingly they spoke of scenes where my young days were spent;
They dazzled me with halls of light, but tears would sometimes start,
They thought 'twas but to charm the eye, and they might win the heart;
They little knew what ties of love had bound me in their spell,
The greenwood was my happiest home, and there I long'd to dwell.
The greenwood &c.

They gave me gems to bind my hair, I long'd the while for flow'rs,
Fresh gather'd by my gipsy freres from nature's wildest bow'rs,
They gave me books, I lov'd alone to read the starry skies,
They taught me songs, the songs I lov'd, were natures melodies,
I never heard a captive bird but panting to be free,
I long'd to burst his prison door and share his liberty.
I never heard, &c.

'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts were theirs who bid me roam
From nature, and her forests free to share the city's home,
The woods are green, the hedges white with leaves and blossoms fair,
There's music in the forest now, and I too must be there,
Oh! do not chide the gipsy girl, oh! call me not unkind,
I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend as her I leave behind,
Yet I must to the geenwood go! my heart has long been there,
And nothing but the greenwood now; can save me from despair.

QUEEN OF MY SOUL.

Queen of my soul, whose starlike eyes are all the light I seek,
Thy voice, in sweetest melodies, can love or pardon speak,
I bow me to thy lov'd controul, queen of my soul,
Mary, Mary, queen of my soul, Mary queen of my soul.

The mountains of thy native shore are cold, and dim, and grey,
Ah! linger 'midst their clouds once more, thy home is far away,
Where Italy's blue waters roll, queen of my soul,
Mary, Mary, queen of my soul, Mary queen of my soul,

The perfum'd rose for thee is twin'd, the lute awakes its strain,
There shall the withering northern winds, steal all thy sweets in vain,
No! fly beyond thy fate's controul, queen of my soul,
Mary, Mary, queen of my soul; Mary, queen of my soul.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

Why sounds the song less joyous now,
Than it was want to do of yore?
I see it's power on every brow,
Yet me, alas! it charms no more.
I cannot blame the minstrel's skill
I praised it oft, when thou wert near
Why has it ceased to charm me still?
My heart replies "thou art not here."

Why has the dance no joy to me?
I once was foremost in the throng,
Yet now so dull it seems to be,
I deem it like the once lov'd song,
What is the spell that changes all,
And turns my transient smiles to tears?
The spell that doth my soul enthrall?
My heart replies "thou art not here."

TWILIGHT.

When ling'ring sunbeams fade away,
And flow'rets droop their heads,
And twilight o'er departing day,
Its mystic influence sheds;
When nature sleeps in calm repose,
O'er mountain, brake and tree,
And stars their twinkling light disclose,
I think of love and thee.

'Tis in that silent lonely hour,
The soul recalls the past,
And conjures up with magic power,
Bright days too pure to last.
Then fancy paints in vivid rays,
Scenes ever dear to me,
And musing o'er those byegone days,
I think of love and thee.

SWEET LOVE, ARISE.

Sweet love! arise, while yet the night,
Sheds o'er the skies yon flood of light,
Oh! see how clear shines out those stars,
And, hark! how near sound those guitars;
No louder yet each pause between.
Ring castanet and mandoline,
And each cool breeze, that rustling wakes,
From citron trees their fragrance shakes.
Oh! come and grace yon glitt'ring scene,
Where all confess thou shin'st a queen,
Loveliest in bow'r, lightest in hall,
Spain's fairest flow'r, out-blooming all,
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, loveliest in bow'r,
Lightest in hall, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.
Spain's fairest flow'r, out-blooming all.

From Arragon, from fair Castille,
From proud Leon, from gay Seville,
Though all that's bright and young and fair,
From each, to-night, throng dazzling there,
What eye can flash so proud a glance?
What foot can dash so bold a dance?
No, dearest, no! though all combine,
Not one can show a form like thine,
Then haste and grace the glitt'ring scene,
Where all confess thou shin'st the queen,
Hark! down the stair, light tripping now,
A step I hear, joy, joy, 'tis thou!
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah ah, hark down the stair,
Light tripping now, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
A step I hear, joy, joy, 'tis thou!

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Published by D'Almaine and Co., Soho-square.

RECITATIVE.

O'er Nelson's tomb with silent grief oppressed,
Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest,
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears,

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty;
Along the line the signal ran,
England expects that every man,
This day will do his duty.

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore—
Our Nelson led the way:
His ship the Vict'ry, nam'd,
Long be that vic'try fam'd!
For vict'ry crown'd the day.
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought,
For England, home and beauty;
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty.

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast receiv'd;
"Heav'n fights on our side,
The day's our own," he cried;
"Now long enough I've liv'd
In honour's cause my life was past,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blithest lad
That e'er made love to me;
Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He seems so gay and free.
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet;
And in his plaid he looks so neat;
It cheers my heart at eve to meet
Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me;
And fain he wants to be my love,
But, ah! it canna be,
Though mither frets baith ear' and late,
For me to wed this youth I hate;
There's none need hope to win young Kate,
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay,
The ring he shewed to me,
And bade me name the bridal day,
Then happy would he be.
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
Nae mair my mither will I mind,
Mess John to me will quickly bind
Young Donald of Dundee.

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily
We ride along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright.
All nature knows our triumph,
Strange birds about us sweep;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep:
In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark:
Oh, proud must be our admiral
Of such a bonny barque!

How, proud must be our admiral,
(Though he is pale to-day),
Of twice five hundred iron men,
Who all his nod obey;
Who fought for him, and conquered,
Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility, which he shall have
Whene'er we touch the shore.
Oh! would I were our admiral,
To order, with a word;
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
And so rise up a lord.
I'd shout e'en to yon shark, there,
Who follows in our lee,
"Some day, I'll make thee carry me,
Like lightning, through the sea."

—The admiral grew paler,
And paler as he flew:
Still talked he to his officers,
And smiled upon his crew;
And he looked up at the heavens,
And he looked down on the sea
And, at last, he spied the creature,
That kept following in our lee.
He shook—'twas but an instant;
For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
Till all chances he defied:
It threw boldness on his forehead;
It gave firmness to his breath;
And he stood like some grim warrior
Now risen up from death.

That night, a horrid whisper
Fell on us where we lay;
And we knew our fine old admiral
Was changing into clay;
And we heard the wash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,
And a whistle and a plunge
Among the billows on our lee.
'Till dawn, we watched the body,
In its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening, at sunset,
It was slung into the deep
And never from that moment,
Save one shudder through the sea—
Saw we or heard the shark
That was following in our lee.

THE SHAKE OF THE HAND.

When I offer my hand to a friend,
Should he take it with icy disdain,
Our fellowship quietly should be at an end,
For he never should share in the pain
The touch of the cold finger tells,
My friendship shall never untimely die;
But give me the man who is honest and true,
And I'll give him my heart with my hand.

I heed not the flatterer's wiles,
Nor his falsehood, the coward's blend;
I heed not the tongue that is poison'd by guile,
For I judge by the shake of the hand.
When a man shakes my hand with delight,
My brotherly love will expand,
For he to my friendship and love has a right,
Whose heart I can feel in my hand.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

On the midnight ocean slumbering,
A youthful sailor lies,
While scenes of happy childhood
In his dreaming soul arise.
Still chiming, seems the Sabbat bell,
As sweetly on of yore,
And once again he roams the fields,
And sees his cottage door.
In her arms his mother folds him
With affection's fond caress,
His gentle bright eyed sisters, too,
In rapture round him press;
His aged father meets him,
And his young companions come
To welcome him once more to share
The dear delights of home.

Hark! what wild shriek dispels his dream?
Whence come those cries of woe,
With the storm loud thunders mingle?
O'er the ship the billows flow;
From his hammock starts the sailor boy,
He rushes to the deck,
The vessel's sails, with lightning blaze,
She sinks, a burning wreck.
To a mast the winds have given
The sailor madly clings,
His fearful parting knell of death
The tempest loudly rings.
All is dark and drear around,
Not a star beams o'er the wave,
As ocean spirits bear him
To the sailor's shroudless grave.

Oh! never at the cottage door
Shall he again be seen,
Nor meet his playmates merrily
To sport upon the green.
In vain for him the birds shall sing,
The hawthorn deck the tree,
For, slumbering on the sand, he lies
Beneath the swelling sea.
Oh, where are happy childhood's scenes?
Where now the chimick bell?
The fields o'er which he used to stray?
The cot he loved so well?
For ever lost! Yet still he finds
A home of peace and joy,
Where neither stormy wind nor wave
Can wreck the sailor boy.

I CANNOT FLATTER.

I cannot flatter if I would,
A face so fair, a heart so good.
The clearest stream that ever shone
But dim reflects the golden moon;
And words as feebly can express
Thy more than woman's loveliness.

I've often dream'd in starlit night,
Of angels cloth'd in robes of light,
And while I slumber'd deem'd they were
Beyond what earth could shew me fair,
But even when I wake I see
There's nothing can compare with thee.

Selections from the Opera of "Martha."

Music published by Bo Williams, 119 Fleet street.

AH! WHY, LONELY ROSEBUD.

SUNG BY MISS LOUISA PYNE.

Ah! why, lonely rosebud, dost thou bloom
here alone?
The summer departeth, already thy hush fave!
The autumn wind's even then whistling murmurs, blow;
Icy winter is before thee! thou will soon lay thee
low.
Swift as night follows morning, and darkness
the day,
So wilt thou shortly wither, and thy bloom
fade away.
Thou, like me, on earth dost languish, we together will sigh;
On my lone heart I'll place thee, there as sweet
rose, shalt thou die.

SHE APPEAR'D CLOTH'D IN LIGHT.

SUNG BY MRS. W. HAMMOND.

She appear'd clothed in light,
Like some angel from above?
Those dark eyes, dazzling bright,
That smile, which seem'd born of love?
Full of hope, and of joy,
The gay future on me shone!
And I vow'd every sigh,
But to live for her alone?
But, alas! like a dream,
She hath vanished from my sight;
For her loss, nought on earth,
Ever can this heart requite.
She appeared, and then
Martha! Martha! why thus leave me?
Why from me still dost thou fly?
Peace of mind, and comfort, restore me,
Or I soon of grief shall die.

HERE IN SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

SUNG BY MISS LOUISA PYNE.

Here, in solitude and silence,
I can weep unseen, unknown!
Here in sadness I can wander,
Musing on fond hopes o'erthrown.
In this place none can behold me;
None can my sighs of anguish hear.
I my sad tale of love can whisper,
To the zephyrs wandering near.

POOR SAIREY ANN.

Written by C. Rodwell.

Air.—Poor Mary Ann.

Oh! yes she was a lovely creature,
Handsome both in form and feature,
Poor Sairey Ann.

Eyes so bright and skin so fair, oh,
Pearly teeth and silky hair, oh,
She was A 1, I do declare, oh,
Poor Sairey Ann.

How many chaps were puts upon her,
Poor Sairey Ann.
And some her mind to matrimony,
Poor Sairey Ann.
But she had sworn, "so help her never,
That let a cove be e'er so clever,
To keep her virtue safe and sacred,
Poor Sairey Ann.

Before she'd got to the age of twenty,
Poor Sairey Ann.
Of *offers* she'd received full plenty,
Poor Sairey Ann.
But wanting a mate to live single,
She often said she would keep single
Rather than with a poor man mingle,
Poor Sairey Ann.

At length a young sailor came unto her,
Poor Sairey Ann.
Who seem'd as tho' inclined to woo her,
Poor Sairey Ann.
He bought her bonnets, shawls and dresses,
And praising high her auburn tresses,
He cover'd her with his caresses,
Poor Sairey Ann.

One day he took her down to Greenwich,
Poor Sairey Ann.
And there she din'd on pork and spinach,
Poor Sairey Ann.
But what with seven pots of porter,
And sundry tots of gin and water,
She got in a way she *did not oughter*,
Poor Sairey Ann.

Now the *lass* took on dreadful constarted,
Poor Sairey Ann.
And they by it had got deserted,
Poor Sairey Ann.
The result was this, the next winter found her,
So snug in bed with her husband beside her,
With her lover's arms encircled round her,
Poor Sairey Ann.

Soon after this the young man died,
Poor Sairey Ann.
Which put her heart in quite a flutter,
Poor Sairey Ann.
But instead of pinning under the pillows,
Or hanging herself on the weeping willows,
She smother'd herself between two pillows,
Poor Sairey Ann.

And thus she ended her existence,
Poor Sairey Ann.
Without requiring much assistance,
Poor Sairey Ann.
So maidens, when you're courted by swains,
If you'd to *trouble* not be driven,
Why look out for yourselves, and take a wipe
From poor Sairey Ann.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

Air.—Drops of Brandy.

The clock had struck two in the cabin,
When a mouse crept out of its hole, O—
All danger he proudly did scorn,
Being bent upon mischief full bent, O.
He jump'd on each table and chair,
And search'd well the covers all round, O—
But alas-a-day, cruel was his fate,
There was nothing to eat to be found, O—
Tol de rol—here's a mouse, look alive,
Barring all dissipation in time,
Which if you take heed you may find,
Young men beware of temptation, O.

He peep'd under the crack of the door,
And it made all on end his hair, O—
For he saw the tom cat there ready for him,
And he was not inclined to stop there, O.
Then into the cupboard he jumped,
And found summut there, very pleasant, O.
For by luck in his way the mouse met,
On a trap with some nice toasted cheese, O.
Tol de rol &c.

Says the cheese, "Come in, here am I,
Just ready to stick in your gums," O—
So prithee come taste me and try,
If I don't eat much better than crumbs, O.
I was cut on purpose for you,
And toasted by Molly the maid, O—
I swear by my honour 'tis true—
(Says the mouse)
"I'd come in if I wasn't afraid," O.
Tol de rol, &c.

He walk'd round and round till he tired,
He smelt it again and again, O—
The flavour he vastly admired,
But outside 'twas all labour in vain, O.
Says the cheese, "Surely you might as well,
Come and eat me, as there's your time waste, O
So don't be content with a smell,
But come in like a man bold, and taste, O.
Tol de rol, &c.

In a hurry he ventured to seize it,
Such a place he ne'er met in before, O—
But no sooner his nose touched the cheese,
Than down within a trice fell the door, O.
He turned himself round in despair,
Examined the door, 'twas too stout, O—
And then through the wires he did stare,
And he cried, but he couldn't get out, O.
Tol de rol, &c.

In the morning the maid was up first,
To dust all the rooms in the house, O—
And she cried out, "Here, coax, I'll be burst
If the trap hasn't caught a large mouse, O.
They called the tom cat to the trap,
Who mo-rowed as he smelt at the door, O—
Opened his mouth and swallowed him slap,
All the while most profanely he swore, O.
Tol de rol, &c.

MORAL.

Now young men, who roam out of a night,
If you meet with temptation's sweet bait,
Remember the mouse's sad plight,
His doleful lamentable fate, O.
Though the trap with its bare dose allure,
To run away think it no sin, O—
Or if you must taste, make sock sure,
To get out as well as you get in, O.
Tol de rol, &c.

JOE IN THE COPPER.

I'm going to tell a story,
The truth of which I know,
Of Mary Anne, a servant girl,
Whose sweetheart's name was Joe.
Of her mistress and her six-roomed house,
She was by no means proud;
For 'twas one of those strict places,
Where "*No followers are allowed!*"

I heard her once relate,
How her mistress she did do,
One evening when her Joseph came—
And he was nigh done too!
"One night," said she, "my Missus went
Quite early to the play;
And, just as if it was to be,
My Joseph came that way.

He threw stones at the window—
I ope'd the area gate,
And let him in, and laid the cloth
For supper, ere 'twas late;
As nice a ham as e'er you clapp'd
Your two eyes on, we'd there;
And, as luck would have it, on that day,
The man had brought the beer!

When all at once came Missus back—
Whatever should I do?
(She'd chang'd her mind about the play)
So down the stairs I flew;
Poor Joseph creeping like a cat,
Into the copper slid;
(Oh! lucky thought!)—but how I felt,
As I popped down the lid.

Then down came Missus; and said she,
"We wash to-morrow morn,—
You'd better light the copper fire,
And make the water warm."
I nearly dropp'd down with affright;
But I was forced to go
And dip the water, which I pour'd
Into the copper, on poor Joe.

I whispered to dear Joseph,
As the first pail roused his ire,
"Don't never mind the water, dear,
I won't make up much fire."
My Missus brought the lucifer,
And I was forced to strike it,
And to light the fire—while poor Joe
Kick'd as if he didn't like it.

I really sank while he got hot,
When a thought came in my head,—
And down the garden Missus ran,
To see which of her fowls was dead;
e took the candle in her hand,
nd by its flickering glimmer,
the area steps Joe bolted,
st as he began to *simmer*.

THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER,

Music published by Davidson.

Not long ago in Vestminstier,
There liv'd a ratcatcher's daughter,
But she didn't quite live in Vestminstier,
'Cause she liv'd t'other side of the vater;
Her father caught rats, and she sold sprats,
All round and about that quarter;
And the gentlefolks all took off their hats,
To the purty little ratcatcher's daughter!
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

She wore no hat upon her head,
No cap nor dandy bonnet,
The hair of her head all hung down her back
Like a bunch of carrots upon it;
Ven she cried sprats in Vestminstier,
She had such a sweet loud voice, sir,
You could hear her all down Parliament Street,
As far as Charing Cross, sir.
Doodle dee, &c.

Now, rich and poor, both far and near,
In matrimony sought her,
But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose
Did the putty little ratcatcher's daughter.
For there was a man, sold lily-vite sand,
In Cupid's net had caught her,
And right over head and ears in love
Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

Now lily-vite sand so ran in her head,
As she vent along the Strand, oh!
She forgot as she'd got sprats on her head,
And cried, 'D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, oh!'
The folks, amaz'd, all thought her craz'd,
As she vent along the Strand, oh!
To see a gal vith sprats on her head
Cry, 'D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, oh!'
Doodle dee, &c.

Now ratcatcher's daughter so ran in his head,
He couldn't tell vat he was arter,
So, instead of crying 'D'ye vant any sand?
He cried, 'D'ye vant any ratcatcher's darter?'
His donkey cock'd his ears and laughed,
And couldn't think vat he was arter,
Ven he heard his lily-vite sandman cry,
'D'ye vant any ratcatcher's daughter?'
Doodle dee, &c.

They both agreed to married be
Upon next Easter Sunday,
But ratcatcher's daughter she had a dream
That she vouldn't be alive on Monday.
She vent vunce more to buy some sprats,
And she tumbled into the vater,
And down to the bottom, all kiver'd up vith mud,
Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

Ven lily-vite sand he heard the news,
His eyes ran down vith vater,
Said he, 'In love I'll constiant prove;
And—blow me if I'll live long arter.'
So he cut his throat vith a pane of glass,
And stabb'd his donkey arter;
So here is an end of Lily-vite sand,
Donkey, and the ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

The neighbours all, both great and small,
They flocked unto her berrein',
And vept that a gal who'd cried out sprats,
Should be as dead as any herrein'.
The Corioner's inquest on her sot,
At the sign of the Jack in the Water,
To find what made life's sand run out
Of the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

The werdict was that too much vet
This poor young voman died on;
For she made an ole in the Riviere Thames,
Vot the penny steamers ride on.
'Twas a haccident they all agreed,
And nuffink like self-slaughter;
So not guiltee o' fell in the sea,
They brought in the ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

THE POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwell heard me first impart
Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
Swell'd high for naval glory;
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame,
He would hold on the jigger.
While ten jolly tars,
With musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak,
Singing yeo heave yoe.
While ten &c.

To hand top-gallant sails next he learned
With quickness, care, and spirit,
His generous master soon discerned,
And prized his dawning merit;
He taught him soon to reef and steer
When storms convulsed the ocean,
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
Which marked him for promotion;
As none to the pilot
E'er answered like he,
When he gave the command,
Hard a-port helm-a-lee,
Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,
Clear the buoy, make the pier.
As none to, &c.

For valour, skill, and worth renowned,
The foe he oft defeated,
And now with fame and fortune crowned,
Post-Captain he his rated;
Who, should our injured country bleed,
Still bravely would defend her;
And blest with peace, should beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart as tender.
Unawed, yet mild
To high and low,
To poor or wealthy,
Friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth,
All the fleet drink his health.
Prized be such hearts, for aloft they will go
Who always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquered foe.

THE LEARNED MAN.

(Bruton.)

Since the distant days I prattled o'er
The horn-book and the battledore,
What musty tomes I've rattled o'er,
And yet I've scarce began.
Then, if I've volubility,
I'll tell with what facility,
And wondrous ability,
I've studied, if I can.
If of your views I any fit,
I'll tell you in a trice,
How you'll derive great benefit
By taking my advice.
First shake off all timidity,
Apply with due solidity,
Eschewing every quiddity,
To be a learned man.

Commence with etymology,
Go next to geneology,
Your head fill with chronology.
(Although it be a ban);
Then go next to ontology,
And physico-theology,
Observing strict philology—
Go wrong you never can.
Mix up no lampoonery,
In aught you say or do,
And let no vile buffoonery
E'er eminate from you.
If you touch on the majestical,
Celestial, or terrestrial,
Let it not be antichristical,
To be a learned man.

If you'd display chirography,
In any one's biography,
Look well to geography,
And times and dates well scan.
Antediluvian history,
Of mythology the mystery,
Theogony consistory,
To study be your plan;
And if past mediocrity
In wisdom you would soar,
Go on with all alacrity,
And search for further lore.
Then turn to botanology,
Give a glance at mineralogy,
And ditto ichthyology,
To be a learned man.

Learn alchemy by particle,
Therapeutics every article,
And pharmacy cathartical
Or emetical you can;
But there's yet a multiplicity
Of *et ceteras*, electricity,
Computation with felicity,
O'er which I have not ran.
Architecture and ichnography
And dioptrics you will learn;
From cosmography to topography
And mechanism turn;
Forms of government, theocracy,
And that one termed democracy,
Not forgetting gynecocracy,
To be a learned man.

THE EMPRESS OF THE WAVE.

The sea is England's glory,
The bounding wave her throne,
For ages bright in story,
The ocean is her own;
In war the first, the fearless,
Her banner leads the brave,
In peace she reigns, as peerless,
The empress of the wave!
In peace, &c.

The sea is England's splendour,
Her wealth the mighty main,
She is the world's defender,
The feeble to sustain;
Her gallant sons in story
Shine bravest of the brave,
Oh! England's strength and glory
Are on her ocean wave!
Oh! England's, &c.

Thou loveliest land of beauty,
Where dwells domestic worth,
Where loyalty and duty
Entwine each heart and hearth!
Thy rock is freedom's pillow,
The rampart of the brave,
Oh! long as rolls the billow
Shall England rule the wave!
Oh! long, &c.

DOWN BY THE DARK ARCHES.

Air.—"The Green Bushes."

As I was a walking one night in July,
I met a fair maid, and at me she took sly,
Singing Villikins and his Dinah so plaintively,
Down by the dark arches near the Adelphi.
Oh, yes she did, so she did, whack fal la loo
ral li day.

I stepped up to her so modest and free,
I bought the sweet ballad for one halfpenny,
I said, now my love you my own bride shall be,
Down by the dark arches near the Adelphi.
Oh, yes you shall, &c.

Oh, no, boldest young man, that never can be,
For there's rabbit-pie bobby a twigging of me,
And if he was to see you making so free,
Down by the dark arches near the Adelphi.
Oh, yes he would, &c.

At last we consented to a house, not we went,
Five shillings in lobsters and salmon I spent,
And the brandy and water she drank so free,
In a little back parlour near the Adelphi.
Oh, yes she did, &c.

When in walked a capt. with a black eye and
stick,
He drank up my brandy and smok'd my nick-
wick,
When four or five coveys bonneted me,
Down by the dark arches near the Adelphi.
Oh, yes they did, &c.

They tore off my coat, my watch they pull'd out
They pitch'd into me and damag'd my shift,
They stripped me of everything, then rolling
sent me,
Down by the dark arches near the Adelphi.
Oh, yes they did, &c.

I woke from my slumber at five the next morn,
As naked as ever a mortal was born,
When four kind policemen on a stretcher took
me,
Down by the dark arches of the Adelphi.
Oh, yes they did, &c.

I sent for the doctor to patch up my nose,
Likewise to my mother for money and clothes,
So all you young gents don't make so free,
Down by the dark arches near the Adelphi.
Oh, yes I did, &c.

THE GRASP OF FRIENDSHIP'S HAND.

Come, sit thou at my table,
Thou, the friend of early years,
To see the face of those we love
The coldest bosom cheers.
Come thou and share the blessing
That Providence hath sent
To glad my humble dwelling still,
And welcome real content.
I care not for thy threadbare coat,
Such pride I'll ne'er be guilty,
The heart that was my friend in need
Still beats, I'm sure, beneath;
I scorn their pomp and empty state.
Tho' what the world calls grand—
Give me the man who well deserves
The grasp of Friendship's hand.

Some tell us friendship's very rare,
It does not much abound;
If that be true we'll prize it more
When once the jewel's found.
The man whose friendship's formed of words
Like empty sounds exceeds,
A man's real worth is always known
By good and honest deeds.
I would that all were friends on earth,
As angels are above,
That man to man would nobly prove
A friend—a brother's love.
That no mean bolts of wealth nor birth,
'Twixt honest hearts should stand—
Then all alike would well deserve
The grasp of Friendship's hand.

FAIR SHINES THE MOON TO-NIGHT.

(FROM THE OPERA OF MOORED.)

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

Fair shines the moon to-night,
Out from her stainless height,
And many a little treble
To music's last'ning,
Come, let us roam with me,
Far o'er the sparkling sea,
While beaming down on thee
Bright stars are glist'ning.
Ply the oar lightly!
Steer, boatman, rightly!
Where the halls brightly
Rival the day.

Why should such tones decoy,
And lead my youth away?
Hark! to that rounde lay,
And music so cheering;
Such lovely melody
Echoed far o'er the sea,
Night slumbers cannot be
To me more endearing.
Our way now retracing,
Homeward reaching,
Repose soon embracing,
Hail! dearest home!

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE

Written and composed by Sam Lover.

"Oh! 'tis time I should talk to your mother
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Oh! don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry,
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent,
She says girls in a hurry who marry,
At leisure repent."

"Then suppose I should talk to your father,
Sweet Mary" says I.
"Oh! don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry,
"For my father he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go,
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Oh! then how shall I get you, my jewel,
Sweet Mary," says I,
If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die."
"Oh! never say die, dear," says Mary,
"A way now to save you I see,
Since my parents are both so contrary
You'd better ask me."

SAY "YES," PUSSY.

Music published by Jullien.

She sat down by his side,
His face with fear was wan,
He could not, though he tried,
Propose—that timid man.
He moved uneasy in his seat,
She asked him, "Was he ill?"
He only shuffled with his feet,
His bosom's pain to still.

"Yes, no—no, yes, not very well,"
He said with ghastly smile,
"But oh! I dare not, dare not tell,
Whilst ails me all this while;
I've often tried to say
Think of me if you can—
I hope I'm not in the way,"
He was a timid man.

A favourite Tabby lay
Upon the lady's lap,
All in her own sleek way,
Taking a quiet nap.
"Oh, Puss," she thought, "I wish you'd tell
All that he wants to know;
I really like him very well,
But must not tell him so."

"You are very, very timid,"
She slowly thus began;
"But I—but I've made up my mind
Never to think of man.
I never can consent to change,
You should have asked before,
At least—that is—'tis very strange,
I cannot tell you more."

He gave all up for lost,
Took up his hat to leave,
But ere the room he'd cross'd
He heard a gentle sigh.
With beating heart he turned him round,
Then hit upon this plan;
His eyes were cast upon the ground—
He *was* a timid man.

"Oh, Pussy cat," said he,
"Where I to ask her now,
D'ye think your mistress would have me—
Would listen to my vow?"
Aloud his thoughts he trembling spoke,
Then paused to hear his doom;
"Say yes, Pussy—say yes, Pussy,"
The lady answered soon.

YES, 'TIS A SPELL.

Yes, 'tis a spell hath o'er me cast
It's all absorbing power;
And thus, for ever may it last,
E'en to my latest hour.
Let those, who cannot love, forego
All hope of future bliss,
In Paradise they ne'er can know
More happiness than this.

Her bright eyes, now before me shine,
And laughing seem to say—
Thou lov'st me—my heart's thine—
Be happy while we may!
We will be happy, nor forego
Such hope of future bliss,
In Paradise we ne'er can know
More happiness than this.

POOR JOE, THE MARINE.

Poor Joe, the Marine, was at Portsmouth well known,
No lad in the corps drest so smart,
The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a frown,
His manliness won every heart;
Sweet Polly, of Portsea, he took for his bride,
And ne'er there was seen,
A couple so gay, march'ing through side by side,
As Polly and Joe, the Marine.

The bright torch of Hymen was scarce in a blaze,
When thundering cannon bear'd a rattle,
And Joe in an instant was forced to the seas,
To give the bold enemy battle.
The action was dreadful, each ship a mere wreck
Such a slaughter few soldiers have seen,
Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the deck,
And among them poor Joe, the Marine.

But victory, faithful to brave British tars,
At length put an end to the fight,
Then homeward, they steer'd full of glory and scars,
And soon had left Portsea in sight.
The ramparts were crowded the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen;
But the very first sailor she chanced for to meet,
Told the fate of Poor Joe, the Marine.

The shock was sent as lightning's fork'd dart
Her poor heart with frenzy wild fired,
She flew from the crowd, coldly cried, "My poor heart,"
Clasped hands and, faintly sighed and expired.
Her body was laid 'neath a wide spreading yew,
And one smooth stone may be seen,
One tear drop is all you bestow so true,
For Polly and Joe, the Marine.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Some could old strangers see they know,
An old familiar one be mine,
Tho' furrowed o'er and dimm'd it's hue,
Still glows a fresh in memory's shrine,
The stranger's smile I fain would spare,
If hearts I prize my pleasure share,
For while the old with me remained,
Tried friendship in me should be unchanged.
When seated round a cheerful fire,
All in there usual places,
There's nought my soul can more inspire,
Than old familiar faces.

When those who met but once a year,
Can meet no more in festive hall,
Nor longer share the christmas cheer,
But like the leaves around us fall,
Oh! who is there, can there be gay,
If one we love hath pass'd away,
And pleasure find in grief to smile,
In stranger word or beauty smile.
When seated round, &c.

'Tis joy to tell of childhood's hour,
Before our mirth was ting'd with care,
When sunshine lit youth's every bower,
Ere yet time thinn'd our clustering hair,
For tho' the past is lost and gone,
It yields us bliss to think upon
The hope's we nursed in by-gone years,
And hallows still their loss with tears.
When seated round, &c.

THE DESERT.

Alone in the desert! alone—I'm alone!
My good steed's exhausted, my false guide hath flown.
My path to recover I've sought all in vain:
Oh! God! I am lost in this desolate plain!
No stream can I find, the cool waters to sip.
Or wild fruit to moisten my blood-swollen lip;
Still more faintly I draw the life-parting breath;
No breeze but the simoom, whose hot kiss is death.
For assistance in vain my glance wildly I fling,
Not a speck in the air save the vulture's dark wing:
Soon! soon shall I feel his keen beak in my breast,
And the desert's hot sands prove my last couch of rest.
I am here like some wreck by the mad billows thrown,
With death and its terrors to struggle alone.
In this contest with death the deep pang that rends,
Is the thought of those dear ones, wife, children, and friends,
Must I die! must I die!—see, the vulture draws near,
Humanity's form can no more cause him fear.
Hark! hark! 'tis a bell faintly sounding, I hear:
Some ship of the desert, a camel, is near!
Oh! God! mock me not with a faint fleeting hope!
If my false ear deceives me my last hope is broke.
I am sav'd! I am sav'd! friends, friends are at hand—
They see me, they hear my lone cry on the sand;
And nearer, and nearer the camel-bell rings,
The vulture sails from me with out-spreading wings. I am sav'd, &c.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young,
Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sung.
We climb'd the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright-topp'd heather:
Methinks it seems but yesterday,
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, merry, merry boys, &c.

There's gladness in remembrance John,
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal and woe of life,
No change that friendship knew.
We've miss'd some lov'd ones, one by one,
And turn'd our wreaths of heather:
In fancy as we deck'd their tombs,
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, merry, merry boys, &c.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our prime is o'er;
The flower, the nest, the humming bee,
For us will charm no more.
And our frail forms are fading fast,
We could not bound the heather,
As hand in hand, with gladsome brows,
We did when boys together.
When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
When we were boys together,
Thro' many sunny years, friend John,
May we live yet together.

POOR ADELE.

Adele has come back from her mountain home
Poor Adele!
Over the world she wish'd to roam,
Over the land and salt sea-foam,
She sought the city, she sought the wild.
But no one cherished the mountain child,
Poor Adele!

At last oh! a pitiless passion came,
Poor Adele!
Men call it alas! by a false fair name,
But it seared her heart with a fated flame,
Her blood ran quicker, her breath (grown brief)
Threw a stain on her cheek like the rose's leaf,
Poor Adele!

She once was like day when the day is young;
Poor Adele!
From her eye shone morning, and on her tongue,
The music of morning always hung,
Her song was laughter, but time and wrong,
Have taught her a sadder and sweeter song,
Poor Adele!

Adele has come back to her mountain nest,
Poor Adele!
She hath flown to her fond, blind, mother's breast,
For a word of love and a place of rest;
And rest awaits her, all green and lone,
Where the pine trees sigh o'er the graves unknown.
Poor Adele!

THE WORLD IS GROWING OLDER.

Would ye know the road to wealth,
Never beg or borrow;
Spend enough to keep in health,
Then think of the morrow.
Give if you have gold in store,
To your poorer neighbour:
Rest not till your prime is o'er,
Try to live by labour.
There's no royal road to wealth;
As when hearts grow colder.

Few there are who thrive by stealth
The world is growing older
Would ye win an honest name,
'Tis not won by swerving;
Truth's no longer but a name,
You must be deserving.
Faction is the coward's end,
All must pull together;
Tyranny's weak chain to rend,
Like reeds in summer weather.
'Tis not now as when the few,
The many were the bolder,
Men are to each other true;
The world is growing older.

Strive to learn a little more,
Tho' much may be your learning
All that adds to wisdom's store,
Repays us for discerning;
Knowledge is the only power,
That makes a good man better;
Wisdom is the highest dower,
Who the mind can fetter?
Nature has her limits too,
To your hearts enfold her;
Every day brings something new,
Tho' the world grows older.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

I GUESS YOU'LL BE THERE.

When the sun has gone down like a king to his rest,
In the bright palace-halls of the far golden west,
When his last fading beams seem to smile an adieu
To the flowers all bending and trembling with dew,
I've a secret to whisper alone in your ear,
So pure that a spirit might linger to hear;
By the lone willow-brook—but I shall not say where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

When the pale stars so mystic and holy arise,
In the silence of eve, in the deep azure skies;
When the glens all lie hush'd, and the world, love, is still,
And the sly moon is peeping just over yon hill—
Then remember your promise the last time we met:
Ah! sure, now, dear Katty, you will not forget;
By the lone willow-brook—but I need not say where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

If perchance, as you know, love, there's many a slip—
At least so I've heard say—'twixt the cup and the lip,
Dear old grandam objects, in a very grave tone,
To young ladies wand'ring by moonlight alone;
Faith, I hope that her lecture, as usual, will close,
By the dear old soul falling into a sweet dose;
Then, I'm guessing, dear Katty, with step light as air,
You'll be taking French leave, and you'll surely be there.

WITHOUT SUNSHINE YOU'LL FIND THERE'S NO HAY.

A fond youth long did sigh for a damsel, whose eye
Like the stars in the heavens did shine;
So, one Valentine's day, he found courage to say,
"Wilt thou, dearest maiden, be mine!"
But this maiden so coy, she called him a boy,
And her heart she refused to resign,
Till of years half a score, at least, if not more,
Prov'd that patience with love he'd combine.

Now the ten years were pass'd, and the lady was asked
By her lover, once more, to comply,
But of beaux she'd so many, she could not find any,
To choose—so she said "By and by!"
Thus, she flirted all day, as the years passed away,
Till, one morning, her lover appear'd,
With—sad to relate—not a hair on his pate,
And as white as the snow was his beard.

Then, she cried, "Dearest youth, I'm convinced of your truth—
I'll accept, if you'll not think me bold!"
But her old lover said, with a shake of the head,
"Don't you think, miss, we're rather too old?"
So, young maidens, take care, of flirting beware,
Nor turn from a true heart away,
Lest, repenting too late, as the old proverb's state,
Without sunshine you'll find there's no hay!

ADVANCE, BRITANNIA'S SONS

Published in Davidson's "Musical Treasury."

Advance, Britannia's sons, advance!
To answer Honour's call,
And join the gallant sons of France,
To aid a tyrant's fall.
To you an outcry of distress
Will ne'er be made in vain;
A nation's wrongs ye must redress
Upon the battle plain.

In days long pass'd our giant pow'r
We 'gainst each other hurl'd,
But Time brings round the happy hour,
And shows th' admiring world
Two nations joining heart and hand
To heal another's woes,
The firmest friends, long, long to stand,
The terror of their foes.

The prize a nation values most,
Without which life's a bane—
The prize that's been the Briton's boast,
In something more than name,
Is Liberty!—for that we'll fight,
Till death, against the world:
Its halo still surrounds our flag,
Where'er it waves unfurled.

And when grim War has run his race,
And smiling Peace again
Returns to show her happy face,
With Plenty in her train,
The memory of the deeds we've done
In aiding the oppress'd,
Will bind, in ages yet to come,
The nations of the West.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
All alone by myself in this place;
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
O, no, if there's truth in that face.
Though England's a beautiful city,
Full of illigant boys, O what then
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence!
You'll come back to old Ireland again.

Oh, those English deceivers by nature,
Though may-be you'd think them sincere
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature
But don't you believe them my dear.
Oh, Kathleen, agrah! dont be minding
The flattering speeches they'd make;
But tell them a poor lad in Ireland
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's folly to keep you from going,
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case,
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
When next I shall see your swate face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen
None the better will I be off then;
You'll be speaking such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Aye now, where's the need of this hurry?
Don't flusther me so in this way;
I forgot 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was maning to say.
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye;
Can I talk if you bother me so?—
Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,
Every inch of the way that you go.

NOTHING MORE.

In a valley fair I wander'd,
O'er its meadow clothed in green,
Where a singing brook meanders flowing,
Like the spirit of the scene;
And I saw a lovely maiden,
With a basket shimmering o'er,
With sweet herbs, and so I ask'd her,
For a flow'r, and—nothing more.

Then I chatted on, beside her,
And I prais'd her hair and eyes,
And, like roses from her basket,
On her cheeks saw blushes rise,
With her timid looks down glancing,
She said would I pass before?
But I said that all I wanted
Was a smile and—nothing more.

So she shyly smil'd upon me,
And I still kept wand'ring on,
What with blushing, smiling, chatting,
Soon a brief half hour was gone.
Then she told me I must leave her,
For she saw their cottage door,
But I would not till I'd stolen
Just a kiss, and—nothing more.

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her,
And the joys that then had birth,
Made an atmosphere of gladness
Seem encircling all the earth.
One bright morning at the altar,
A white bridal dress she wore,
Then my wife I proudly made her,
And I ask for nothing more.

CHEER FOR THE PILOTS.

Written by
J. E. Carpenter, Esq.

Music by
Wm. Shoble

The sturdy Pilots put to sea,
Over the waves went they,
For a ship's dim form, in the rising storm,
Came on her trackless way;
They saw afar, each tap'ring spar,
Of a ship, whose trembling sails
Too fragile were for the tempest there,
And rent by the storm's rude gales.
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watch'd for a friend on the sea!

The storm rag'd high, and the rocks seem'd high,
But the Pilots' barque was driven
Far, far, aback from the vessel's track,
Which they to reach had striven;
And darkness came, save when the flame
Of the vivid lightning threw
A light that bore, to their friends on shore,
The ship—but no Pilots' crew.
Then cheer for Pilots, &c.

The storm was o'er, and a calm, once more,
Was over the sea and sky,
The ships, with the tide, in the harbour glide,
But no Pilots' barque was nigh;
A mariner's form, mid the wrecks of the storm,
Was seen on the ebbing wave,
Its pulse was cold, and a tale it told,
That the deep was the Pilots' grave.
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who brave even death for your friends on the sea!

THE HARBOUR BAR.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Tho' the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down,
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women were weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town,
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good bye to the bar, and its moaning.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that lo'ed me sae weel!
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flow'r o' them a',
He said, "Think na long, lassie, tho' I gang awa';"
For the simmer is comin' cauld winters awa'
And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
But Jamie and a penny are siller and gowd!
He said, "Think na long, lassie," &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;
Tho' I obey them as well as a dautcher should do,
They are nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you,
He said, "Think na long, lassie," &c.

Fate on my cheeple and pain at my wheel,
And the tae on the tiddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa',
And he gae me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa'
And he'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.

THE CLARION SOUNDING.

RECITATIVE.

Comrades and friends, your services to-day,
As King, Don Pedro nobly shall repay.
The hour is at hand—not Fate can now oppose
Of Empire sure, I trample on my foes.

AIR.

Hark! hark! methinks I hear
The clarion sounding near,
With bold, defiant voice,
It bids my friends rejoice.
The hearts of foes shall fear
Their Monarch's sword and spear;
For Fortune, smiling, waits
Doth diadem my brow.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD

The Sailor boasts his flowing can,
The bulwark of our Isle,
The Soldier loves his merry fife, and sings
Of tented plains the while;
But we will hang our ploughshare up,
Within our father's hall,
And guard it for the glory
Of plenteous festivals.
We'll prize the bullock's purples,
And the far-famed barleycorn,
To wreathe with bursting wheatears,
That outshine the saffron morn;
We'll crown it with a glowing heart,
And pledge our fertile land,
The Ploughshare of old England,
And the sturdy peasant band!

The work it does is good and blest,
And may be proudly told,
We see it in the teeming barns,
And fields of waving gold;
Its metal is unsullied,
No blood-stain lingers there,
God speed it well! and let it drive
Unshackled everywhere.
The bark may rest upon the wave,
The spear may gather dust,
But never may the prow that cuts
The furrow lie and rust.
Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart,
And pledge our native land,
The Ploughshare of old England,
And the sturdy Peasant band!

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Oh! Willie, is it you dear,
Safe, safe, at home?
They did not tell me true, dear,
They said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate,
And it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew your welcome footstep,
And your dear familiar voice,
Making music on mine ear,
In the lonely midnight gloom,
Oh! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome! welcome! home.

We've long'd to see you nightly,
But this night of all
The fire was blazing brightly,
And lights were in the hall;
The little ones were up,
Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
But their eyes began to twinkle,
So they've gone to sleep at last,
They listened for your voice,
Till they thought you'd never come:
Oh! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome! welcome! home!
The days were sad without you,
The nights long and drear,
My dreams have been about you,
So welcome, Willie, dear.
Last night I sat and watched
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footsteps,
Then I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again,
When I found you did not come,
Oh! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome! welcome! home.

THIS IS THE PLACE.

This is the place, stand still my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past, the present here unite,
Beneath times flowing tide;
Like two streams hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the lengthway to the town,
There, the green churchyard sands,
Through which I walked to church with her,
Oh! gentlest of my friends.

The shadow of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass,
Between them and the moving bough,
A shadow thou did'st pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies
And thy heart as pure as they,
One of God's holy messengers,
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover blossoms in the grass,
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep! to day tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born,"
Solemnly sung the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

But now alas! the place seems changed,
Thou art no longer here,
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

HAVELOCK TO HIS WARRIOR BAND.

Hark! hark! 'tis the shriek of the children,
And the wives of the brave who are slain,
Who in cold blood were brutally slaughtered,
While pleading for mercy in vain.
"Oh! spare, spare my wife," cries the soldier,
The mother she pleads for her child,
But, alas! barbarity triumphs,
And Cawnpore with victims is piled,
But alas! barbarity triumphs,
And Cawnpore with victims is piled!

"Go, on! then," cries Havelock the brave,
"Nine battles we've gained on these plains,
The tenth will hallow our glory,
Charge, charge! till no rebel remains."
No quarter we'll give to these tigers:
For they spared neither mother nor child,
But as heaven's soft voice is mercy,
To the helpless be clement and mild,
But, as heaven's soft voice is mercy,
To the helpless be clement and mild.

When England again rules the Ganges,
Let a tear for the fallen be shed,
And the widow and orphan be shelter'd
Bequeath'd by the glorious dead!
"On, on! then," cries Havelock the brave,
"Nine battles we've gained on these plains,
The tenth will hallow our glory,
Charge, charge! till no rebel remains."
The tenth will hallow our glory,
Charge, charge! 'till no rebel remains.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

NOTHING MORE.

In a valley fair I wander'd,
O'er its meadow pathways green,
Where a singing brook was flowing,
Like the spirit of the scene;
And I saw a lovely maiden,
With a basket brimming o'er
With sweet buds, and so I ask'd her
For a flow'r, and—nothing more.

Then I chatted on, beside her,
And I prais'd her hair and eyes,
And, like roses from her basket,
On her cheeks saw blushes rise,
With her timid looks down glancing,
She said would I pass before?
But I said that all I wanted
Was a smile and—nothing more.

So she shyly smil'd upon me,
And I still kept wand'ring on,
What with blushing, smiling, chatting,
Soon a brief half-hour was gone,
Then she told me I must leave her,
For she saw their cottage door,
But I would not fill I filled
Just a kiss, and—nothing more.

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her,
And the joys that then had birth,
Made an atmosphere of gladness
Seem encircling all the earth.
One bright morning, at the altar,
A white bridal dress she wore,
Then my wife I proudly made her,
And I ask for nothing more.

CHEER FOR THE PILOTS.

Written by J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ. *Music by* N. J. SPORLE

The sturdy Pilots put to sea,
Over the waves went they,
For a ship's dim form, in the rising storm,
Came on her trackless way;
They saw afar, each tap'ring spar,
Of a ship, whose trembling sails
Too fragile were for the tempest there,
And rent by the storm's rude gales.
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watch'd for a friend on the sea!

The storm rag'd high, and the rocks were nigh,
But the Pilots' barque was driven
Far, far, aback from the vessel's track,
Which they to reach had striven;
And darkness came—save when the flame
Of the vivid lightning threw
A light that bore, to their friends on shore,
The ship—but no Pilots' crew.
Then cheer for Pilots, &c.

The storm was o'er, and a calm, once more,
Was over the sea and sky,
The ships, with the tide, in the harbour glide,
But no Pilots' barque was nigh!
A mariner's form, 'mid the wrecks of the storm,
Was seen on the ebbing wave,
Its pulse was cold, and a tale it told,—
That the deep was the Pilots' grave.
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who brave even death for our friends on the sea!

THE HARBOUR BAR.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him best
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep;
Tho' the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down,
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women were weeping and wringing their hands;
For those who will never come back to the town,
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good bye to the bar, and its moaning.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that dearie in the yard!
Who play'd on the pipes, with the viol sae sma',
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flow'r o' them a'.
He said, "Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';"
He said, "Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
For the simmer is comin' cauld winter is awa'
And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house, and a hadden, and siller forbye;
But black mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him, wi' houses and land.
He said, "Think na long, lassie," &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;
Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
They are nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you,
He said, "Think na lang, lassie," &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa',
And he gae me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa'
And he'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.

THE CLARION SOUNDING.

RECITATIVE.

Comrades and friends, your services to-day,
As King, Don Pedro nobly shall repay.
The hour is at hand—for Fate can now oppose
Of Empire sure, I trample on my foes.

AIR.

Hark! hark! methinks I hear
The clarion sounding near,
With bold, defiant voice,
It bids my friends rejoice.
The hearts of foes shall fear
Their Monarch's sword and spear;
For Fortune, smiling now,
Doth diadem my brow.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

The Sailor boasts his stately ship,
The bulwark of our Isle,
The Soldier loves his sword, and sings
Of tented plains the while;
But we will hang our ploughshare up,
Within our father's halls,
And guard it as the deity
Of plenteous festivals!
We'll pluck the brilliant poppies,
And the far-famed barleycorn,
To wreathe with bursting wheatears,
That outshine the saffron morn;
We'll crown it with a glowing heart,
And pledge our fertile land,
The Ploughshare of old England,
And the sturdy peasant band!

The work it does is good and blest,
And may be proudly told,
We see it in the teeming barns,
And fields of waving gold;
Its metal is unsullied,
No blood-stain lingers there,
God speed it well! and let it thrive
Unshackled everywhere.
The bark may rest upon the wave,
The spear may gather dust,
But never may the prow that cuts
The furrow lie and rust.
Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart,
And pledge our native land,
The Ploughshare of old England,
And the sturdy Peasant band!

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISS'D YOU.

Oh! Willie, is it you dear,
Safe, safe, at home?
They did not tell me true, dear,
They said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate,
And it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew your welcome footstep,
And your dear familiar voice,
Making music on mine ear,
In the lonely midnight gloom,
Oh! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome! welcome! home.

We've long'd to see you nightly,
But this night of all
The fire was blazing brightly,
And lights were in the hall;
The little ones were up,
Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
But their eyes began to twinkle,
So they've gone to sleep at last,
They listened for your voice,
Till they thought you'd never come:
Oh! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome! welcome! home.
The days were sad without you,
The nights long and drear,
My dreams have been about you,
So welcome, Willie, dear.
Last night I sat and watched,
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footsteps,
Then I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again,
When I found you d d not come,
Oh! Willie we have missed you.
Welcome! welcome! home.

THIS IS THE PLACE.

This is the place, stand still, my steed
Let me review the scene,
And summon, from the shadowy past,
The forms that once have been!

The past, the present here unite,
Beneath times flowing tide;
Like foot-prints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the lengthway to the town,
There, the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with her,
Oh! gentlest of my friends.

The shadow of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass,
Between them and the moving bough,
A shadow thou did'st pass.

Thy dress was like the lillies',
And thy heart as pure as they,
One of God's holy messengers,
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees,
Bend down, thy touch to meet,
The clover blossom in the grass,
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep! to day tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born,"
Solemnly sung the village choir
On that sweet sabbath morn.

But now alas! the place seems changed,
Thou art no longer here,
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

HAVELOCK TO HIS WARRIOR BAND.

Hark! hark! 'tis the shriek of the children,
And the wives of the brave who are slain,
Who in cold blood were brutally slaughtered,
While pleading for mercy in vain.
"Oh! spare, spare my wife," cries the soldier,
The mother she pleads for her child,
But, alas! barbarity triumphs,
And Cawnpore with victims is piled,
But, alas! barbarity triumphs,
And Cawnpore with victims is piled!

"On, on! then," cries Havelock the brave,
"Nine battles we've gained on these plains,
The tenth will hallow our glory,
Charge, charge! till no rebel remains."
No quarter we'll give to these tigers:
For they spared neither mother nor child,
But as heaven's soft voice is mercy,
To the helpless be clement and mild,
But, as heaven's soft voice is mercy,
To the helpless be clement and mild.

When England again rules the Ganges,
Let a tear for the fallen be shed,
And the widow and orphan be shelter'd
Bequeath'd by the glorious dead!
"On, on! then," cries Havelock the brave,
"Nine battles we've gained on these plains,
The tenth will hallow our glory,
Charge, charge! till no rebel remains."
The tenth will hallow our glory,
Charge, charge! 'till no rebel remains.

LORD LOVEL.

Published by Westfield and Co., Edinburgh.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
Wishing her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see.
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she
"In a year or two, or three at most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white horse,
Till he came to London town,
When he heard St. Pancras bells ring,
And the people all mourning around,
round, round.
And the people all mourning around.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel, he said,
Oh! what is the matter said he?"
"A Lord's Lady is dead," an old woman said.
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy-cy."
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be turned down;
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling down, down, down.
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in the cold church-yard,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier, rier,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

They grew, and they grew to the church steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher,
So there they entwined in a true lover's not,
For all true lovers to admire, rire, rire.
For all true lovers to admire.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Music published in the 'Musical Bouquet.'

'Way down upon the Swanee ribber.
Far, far away;
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam—
Oh, darkies! how my heart grow weary.
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd
Many songs I sung.
When I was playin' wid my broder
Happy was I—
Oh! take me to my kind old modder,
Dere let me lib and die.
All de world, &c.

One little hut among de bushes,
And one dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home!
All de world &c.

JOHNNY SANDS.

Music published by Duff and Hodgson.

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said, that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him.
Says he, "then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "my love, I will."
Says she, &c.

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run,
And I'll prepare to run."
All down the hill his loving bride,
Now ran with all her force
To push him in——he stepped aside——
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh! save me, Johnny Sands!
I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."
For you, &c.